

Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tel me where it is.

Ref. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ref. Nay, you must call mee Rosalind: Come sister, will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clow. Come apace good Audrey, I wil fetch vp your Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clow. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest Onid was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then loue in a thatch'd house.

Clow. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vnderstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clow. No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poeticall?

Clow. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honest?

Clow. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clow. Truly, and to cast away honestie vpon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddess I am foule.

Clow. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulness; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir Oliuer Mar-text, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Clow. Atten. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessaric. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen so poore men alone.

No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascal: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir Oliuer: Sir Oliuer Mar-text you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clow. I wil not take her on giuft of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceed: Ile giue her.

Clow. Good euen good Mr what ye call't: how do you Sir, you are verie wel met: goddild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clow. As the Ox hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling.

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainscot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clow. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel: and nor being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leaue my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with mee, And let me counsell thee.

Ol. Come sweete Audrey, We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey.

Farewel good Mr Oliuer: Not O sweet Oliuer, O braue Oliuer leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celio.

Ref. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that reares do not become a man.

Ref. But haue I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, Therefore weepe.

Ref. His very haire is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudasses.

Ref. I faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour.

Ref. And his kissing is as full of sanctitie, as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of Diana: a Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie, the very yce of chastity is in them.

Ref. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ref. Doe you thinke so?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ref. Not true in loue?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ref. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confinner of false reckonings, he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ref. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as hee, so he laugh'd and let mee goe.

But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speaks braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breaks them brauely, quite trauesers athwart the heart of his loue, as a puifny Tilter, y' spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staffe like a noble geefe; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,

Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph, Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truely plaid Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,

And the red glowe of scorne and proud disdain,

Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you If you will marke it.

Ref. O come, let vs remoue, The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue:

Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say Ile proue a busie actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe doe not scorne me, do not Phebe.

Say that you loue me not, but say not so In bitterness; the common executioner

Whose heart th'accustom'd sight, of death makes hard

Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,

But first begs pardon: will you sterner be

Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celio, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,

I feare thee, for I would not iniure thee: and ydW

Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,

'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,

That eyes that are the frailest, and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.

Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoound, why now fall downe,

Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,

Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers:

Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rush

The Cicatrice and capable impresseure

Thy palme some moment keeps: but now mine eyes

Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes

That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere Phebe,

If euer (as that euer may be neere)

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancie,

Then shall you know the wounds inuisible

That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,

Afflict me with thy mockes, pittie me not,

As till that time I shall not pittie thee.

Ref. And why I pray you? who might be your mother

That you insult, exult, and all at once

Ouer the wretched? what though you haue no beauty

As by my faith, I see no more in you

Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:

Must you be therefore proud and pittilesse?

Why what means this? why do you looke on me?

I see no more in you then in the ordinary

Of Natures false-work: 'ods my little life,

I thinke she meanes to tangle my eyes too:

No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,

'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream

That can entame my spirits to your worship:

You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her

Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,

You are a thousand times a properer man

Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you

That makes the world full of ill-fauoured children:

'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,

And out of you she sees her selfe more proper

Then any of her lineaments can shew her:

But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees

And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue;

For I must tell you friendly in your eare,

Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:

Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,

Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.

So take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,

I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Ref. Hees false in loue with your foulness, & shee'll

Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast

As she answers thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce

Her with bitter words: why looke you so vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Ref. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,

For I am falsler then vowes made in wine:

Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by:

Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come